PEOPLE OF MANY NATIONS.

PERHAPS the most happily named man in England is Thankful Joy, a Hampshire cricketer. SIR LYON PLAYPAIR'S name is pronounced as if it rhymed with "duffer,

but he is not that sort of a man at all. THE only woman in England who is proprietor, editor and manager of a newspaper is Mrs. Comyns, of the Feathered World, the circulation of which paper is 20,000 weekly.

Noblemen in scores were created by Christophe, a negro, who ruled as em-peror of Hayti from 1811 to 1829. Among the titles conferred were those of Duke of Marmalade, Count of Lemonade, and Earl of Brandy.

Mr. Naoron, the Parsee member of parliament, appeared with a copy of the Zend Avesta, on which to take the required oath of office. He was told that he must either take the oath on the New Testament or affirm, and he chose the latter method.

REFERENCE has frequently been made of late to the rapid way in which the prince of Wales was aging. Since the death of his son it has affected his appearance still more, and robbed him of what had been left of the once peculiarly healthful bue of his complexion.

FUNNY WAYS IN FUNNY LANDS.

THE Isle of Guernsey exacts a tax THE Mohammedaus, it is said, consider silk unclean, because it is pro-

duced by a worm. Among the South sea islanders black and white striped goods are even now worn in sign of mourning.

WHEN a child dies in Greenland the native parents bury a living dog with it, the dog to be used by the child as a guide to the other world.

Japanese doctors never present bills to their patients. They await the patient's inclination to pay, and then thankfully accept whatever sum is of-

Even to this day certain communities of Buddhists and Mohammedans pray by the hour before their favorite plant or flower. In India this species of worship seems to be the most preva-

In China the cobbler still goes from house to house, announcing his approach with a rattle, and taking up his abode with the family while he accomplishes the necessary making and mending.

WORLD'S FAIR.

Over Michigan's building at the world's fair will float a large American flag, made of Belding silk by the wom-en of Ionia county, that state.

THE Miners' association of Nevada county, Cal., is arranging to have a small stamp mill in full operation at the world's fair as a part of its mineral

In the Minnesota building at the world's fair will be exhibited the old printing press upon which the first newspaper printed in the state—the Minnesota Pioneer—was run off in 1849.

Ir is announced that the postmaster general of the United States has decided to issue a new series of postage stamps, with designs appropriate to the commemoration of the discovery of

In the Missouri building at the world's fair will be displayed a huge map of the state nine and one-half feet wide and twelve feet long, showing the counties and statistics as to the amount and value of the product of each for 1891.

LITERARY LITTER.

DAUDET approves of women writers, and admits that "a woman can so often say things that we cannot express in just language."

RUDYARD KIPLING has secured his architect's plans for the cottage on the Balestier farm near Battleboro. It will cost \$10,000; the work of erecting it will

Marion Crawford was born at Lucca in 1845. "Sam" Ward abandoned the idea that Crawford would be known as "Sam Ward's nephew" as soon as he read the young man's first book, "Mr.

MARSHAL MACMAHON'S souvenirs are to fill three or four volumes, which will appear within two years at the latest. has almost completed the work, which begins with his experiences as a captain in the African expedition of 1837. The marshal is now 84 years old.

PERSONAL PARTICULARS.

A BROOKLYN actress named Brown spells her name Broughne.

GEN. NATHAN KIMBALL, who is called by his friends the hero of Winehester, is now postmaster at Ogden, Utah.

PRESIDENT GOMPERS of the American Fedration of Labor receives more than 100 letters per day. He owns a capaclous waste basket.

Mr. HARRISON is quoted as saying that the worst feature of executive life is the vast amount of hand-shaking and document-signing the president is forced to undergo

MRS. CORA E. THOMAS, of Hanover, Pa., who is visiting her mother at Liberty, Ind., is 30 years of age, 35 inches in height, 36 inches around the waist and weighs but 30 pounds. In all her actions and habits she is still a child. SHORT RAILROAD RUMBLINGS.

THE first horse railroad was built in AMERICAN street railroads employ

₹1,000 men. As express engine consumes ten gal-

lons of water per mile. In the year ending June 30, 1890, the railways of this country carried 492,-

430,000 persons. A STREET car line is now being built in Tashkend, the capital of Russian Turkestan, by a French company.

A TREATON company has subscribed \$1,000,000 to perfect machinery to run street cars by means of compressed

RAILBOAD enterprise supplied a watermelon with each ticket on the occasion | rest comes round." of a recent celebration in southern

Tit for Tat.

Brother-I am surprised, Emily, that you should have such bad taste as to wear the hair of another woman on

Sister-And I am surprised that you should wear the wool of another sheep on your back, and shoes of the leather another calf on your feet.

THE ANGRY BOY.

He has taken his toys and gone home.
And refuses to play any more:
The jack-in-the-box, and the lirtle tin dog,
And the cart that rolled over the floor:
He is pouting, and thinks he's aggricved,
But truly, what vexes him most
Is to feel 'tis himself who is wrong,
In spite of his home-going boast.

He has taken his toys and gone home, And refuses to play any more: The old Noah's ark, with its windows of

He has flung by the half-opened door; He has taken the animals out, And piled them along on the shelf, And martyr-like, there on his chair, He mopes and he sulks by himself. He has taken his toys and gone home.

And refuses to play any more; His quaint wooden soldiers with swor their hands. And the red uniforms that they wore, Are gloomily standing in line, And hushed is the rub-a-dub drum,

He has taken his toys and gone home, And refuses to play any more; Well, well, lot him go, it was no great sur-

prise,
He threatened to do it before:
His commades laugh loud by the trees,
And a robin pipes sweet from a spray,
A violets smile from the grass,
the blossoms of May.

-Ernest McGaffy, in N. Y. Ind



walked slowly about the studio, peering into all its mysterious cor-

seriously the pictures and sketches that were scattered

about. She did not giance at them, and say that some were "very pretty," as another little girl might have done, but paused gravely before one that pleased her fancy, and as gravely passed judgment upon it. Then she went on to another, and as deliberately

"I wish Mr. Farnham would keep his engagements a little more promptly," she sighed. She was fond of talking to herself

when there was no one about-the sound of her voice made her feel less "Though, of course," she went on, "I'm paid by the hour, whether I de anything or not. But somehow it

doesn't seem exactly right to take money when I just wait and do noth-Oh! there he is now!" A step sounded in the other room, and the Japanese portiere began to tinkle under the sweep of an impatient

hand. But the tall young man who strode into the studio was not Mr. Farnham, but a much younger and handsomer person. He stopped in the middle of the room and looked steadily at the

you all alone, little girl? I thought I heard voices," he said.
"I was only thinking aloud," she replied, quickly. "Mr. Farnham is not in just now, but the little colored boy

says he will be back directly." John Lennox smiled. "The little colored boy," Farnham's studio servant, was fourteen years old, while the maid before him seemed scarcely ten.

"May I ask your name?" said Lonnox, seating himself and studying with I've often been on the ferry," said amusement the pretty, demure little Elizabeth, smiling. "There is really

"It's Elizabeth French. I'm a model "A model girl!" Lennox echeed.

"Not a model girl," Elizabeth explained, "but a model girl-I pose, you know. "Oh, I see!" said Lennox.

"You are an artist," said Elizabeth, "and you must know very well what a

"How do you know I'm an artist?" "Oh, artists are not like other people," said Elizabeth, sagely. "They're different." "In what way?"

"Oh, sometimes it's their hair and sometimes it's the expression in their eyes, and sometimes it's the way they walk. My father was an artist. That's why I know all about them. painted very well, I think, though he



didn't sell many pictures. He was an impressionist. much for impressionist pictures. But I mean to be an artist myself when I grow up," she added, modestly, "and think I shall paint like my father." Lennox tried to keep his amusement

out of his face. "I'm an impressionist myself," he said. "But you said when you grow up. I thought you were grown up years ago, fifty or a hundred, at least!

"Oh, you are making fun," she said, laughing politely. "I'm only eleven, you know.

"And how do you like posing?" "It's pleasant enough when you only have to sit still. But whent' is a standing pose I get rather tired. I like to pose for Mr. Farnham-he always remembers when the time for

"I should hope so," said Leanox. "But there's Miss Fleck-she never seems to think a model may get tired like other folks. She paints Christmas. cards and valentines and such things in water colors; and wou'd you believe?she always paints my hair red! It isn't red, is it?" She leaned anxiously to-

"No, indeed! Miss Fleck must be color-blind. It's the prettiest golden "That's what I always thought," said Elizabeth, with a gleam of triumph in her eyes. "Then Miss Fleek always chooses such tiresome poses! It isn't very easy to look as if you were running when you're just leaning forward on one foot. Did you ever try to stand that way?"

"I can't say that I ever did," Lennox

"And then she always makes me smile so much. One day I had to keep on smiling when my mother was very ill at home. At last I just burst out crying. It was silly, of course, and Miss Fleck was very angry. Did you ever have to smile when you wanted to

Perhaps I have, dear." He took Elizabeth's little hand and stroked it gently, being much moved by the unconscious pathos of her revela-

Just then the little colored boy stuck his woolly head through the portiere. "Mr. Farnham jest tel'phomed dat he can't come up to de stujo to-day, Miss French," he announced. "He say he sorry, but he can't he'p it nohow. He be heah to-moh.'

"Thank you, Jeff," said Elizabeth, with dignity. Then she turned to her new friend and gave him a grave little

bow of farewell. "So you and Elizabeth have become acquainted?" said Farnham, a few days later, to Lennox. "Well, she's worth knowing. The most original, charming little old maid in all New York! She supports her mother and herself by her posing."

"You don't say se!"

"Yes. French, poor fellow, died two years ago of pneumonia. Too much devotion to art. Used to paint storm.

devotion to art. Used to paint stormy autumn scenes, you know, and sat out in the wind and rain once too often. He painted things full of feeling. Of course the public didn't appreciate them, and as he wouldn't paint potboilers, his family were probably no richer then than they are now."

"Couldn't the widow earn anything?" "Mighty little. After his death she tried literary work, I believe; but she's an invalid, and the strain was too much for her. She simply had to leave off or die, poor thing! So she folded her hands, and wondered what in the world would become of them."

"Then the little girl took to posing?" "Yes. I knew she could pose well, oung as she was, for I had often seen her do it for her father. 'Why not let her pose for money?' I said. 'Her fresh, ound, sweet face is just what artists who paint children are looking for.' Of course Mrs. French was horrified at first-said the child was too young to go round town aione, and all that sort of thing. But there really was no other way to keep them from starvation, and Elizabeth has been the head of this little family of two ever since. No one presumes to call her Bessie or Lizzie." "Such a dignified, clever little creature!" said Lennox.

"And such a capital critic? I declare that if I've painted a thing that she doesn't quite approve of I'm actually afraid to send it off to an exhibition!

John Lennox had just returned from a long absence in Paris to pitch his tent in New York. After some little delay in choosing quarters he opened a studie in West Fifty-seventh street. Elizabeth posed for him occasionally and became the best of friends.

"I should like to take you with me to New Jersey one of these fine days, Elizabeth," said Lennox one morning. "I want to paint a few sunlight effects with figures in them. Do you think your mother would consent, if I promised to take good care of you, and jump after you if you fell off the ferry boat? "Miss Fleck lives in Hoboken, and

no danger, you know Lennox obtained Mrs. French's consent, and he and Elizabeth thereafter

passed many afternoons in the sweetsmelling Jersey meadows. The last and best study of all was of

Elizabeth, in a bright-red gown, kneeling in a sea of starry-eyed daisies, plucking them with a tender yet cager The figure was almost life size.

Through the whole picture the intense sunlight streamed. Slight as the metive of the picture was, Lennox felt that it was the best thing he had ever done. He had worked rapidly upon it, fearing that his inspiration or the sunlight might fail before it was finished.

It was nearing completion one fine afternoon, when Lennox got up from his stool, stretched his tired arms and

'I'm as hungry as a bear. I can see that you're tired, too, Miss Elizabeth I'll go up to Holt's farmhouse, and see if they can let us have a quart of milk. Do you want to go with me?"

"I'll wait here," said Elizabeth. 'Some one might steal your picture." "No fear of that!" said Lennox, laughing. "They're not impressionists in New Jersey. But I'll be back in a few minutes, my dear."

Off he started, whistling blithely. When he had got the milk, he stopped to chat a moment with the farmer's kindly wife.

"I took a peek at you t'other day." said Mrs. Holt, "and the way that little midget knelt thar in her red dress in them posies was as purty a sight as I ever see. Holt says he's goin' to New York to see that picter when it's hung up. Says he'd like to buy it hisself, ef he hed money enough. La! there he is

"I thought you'd gone home," drawled People don't seem to Holt, solemnly shaking hands with Lennox. "Ain't thet little gal o' yourn along to-day?"

"I left her in the meadow. She was afraid some one might steal my pic-"Land o' Goshen!" gasped Holt; "I

jest let thet Durham bull o' mine loose in thet medder lot! I thought you must 'a' gone home long ago!" "Jabez Holt!" screamed Mrs. Holt,

rushing for the door, "if ther child is All three ran toward the mead-

Lennox's heart was beating a wild alarm. Presently they heard loud screams. The artist hardly dared to look before him. They could hear the angry mutterings of the bull. As they neared the fence of the mead-

ow lot, Mrs. Holt began laughing hys-"Did you ever see anythin' so rediklous in all your born days?" she gasped.

"Oh, thank Heaven!" gasped Lennox.

"She's not dead." "Dead!" cried Mrs. Holt. "More alive'n you or me, I should sav! Did you ever see the like? That little girl," said Elizabeth. ericket on this side the fence a-hollerin' and a-shakin' her dress, and a-aggra-vatin' thet bull fit to kill"

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had to admit. "I should fall flat on my had to admit. "I should fall flat on my nose, I'm sure."

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round and smiled, still fluttering her You air a model gal, and no mistake!" red gown at the bull.

"I'm keeping him away from your picture, Mr. Lennox!" she called out. "He thought the picture was a real little girl in a red dress, I guess, and you know cows don't like red. So he was



T COMMENCED TO SHARE MY DRIES AT

going to smash it, but when I screamed at him and commenced to shake my dress at him he came over here."

As Jabez Holt went into the meadow and handed Lennox his sketching traps over the fence the bull tossed the dirt high above his head and eved his master wickedly. But he was afraid of Holt, who had repeatedly subdued him. Resides, it was that tantalizing little girl in red he wanted to get at.

So you lured him away, eh, Elizabeth?" said Lennox. "Yes. After you had gone I began

to pick daisies for mother. I was near two blocks for a waiting street car and this fence when I heard the bull bool then stop to wait for the next one. Gen-He was rushing right toward your pie- erally stands on the wrong side of the ture. So I shouted and climbed over the fence. He turned round and start-ed right for me, but I wasn't afraid, be-this person?" And every man in the cause the fence is so high and strong. It seemed as if I'd been screaming a long wife!"time when you came. I feel quite hourse. May I have a drink of milk,

'Well, I never!" said Mrs. Holt. "Ef cise stay on me stomick? she ain't a cute one! I guess Mr. Lennox's forgot the milk, but you come right up to the house, 'Liz'beth, and you shall hev all you want, and more, You are Mr. Lennox's daughter, "Oh dear, no; I'm only his model

His what?" "His model girl."

Hearing voices, Elizabeth looked my dear, but I guess you're beut right said Mrs. Holt. "Oh, she means that she isn't my

daughter," Lennox explained, laughbeth isn't in the least conceited." "Well, she might be, and no harm done," said Mrs. Holt. "She's got more grit and sound sense 'n most grown folks."

Lennox's picture received many

good words from the critics. Jabez Holt went to New York one day, on purpose "to see it when 'twas hung up." He came back to his wife with a glowing account of what he had seen and heard in this his first picture gal-That picter o' hisn looks kinder

plastered on, when you see it by the other ones," he said: "but you jest git off a little ways to look at it, and my! it jest sticks right out o' the frame. When I fust come inter the room where 'twas, I thought I was a-standin' in my own medder lot, and thet little model gal was a-smilin' at me." "Did you see Mr. Lennox, Jabez?" "Yes. I see him in the gal'ry, and he

hed an offer of fifteen hundred for it. Yes, sir-fifteen hundred dollars! He's goin' to give that little model gal a hundred of it, he says." "Well, he'd oughter." said Mrs. Holt. "Why, she cert'nly saved that picter from total destruction."-Anthony E.

Anderson, in Youth's Companion.

They All Knew Her.

looked joyful, I kin tell you. Says he's

"Now," said the clairvoyant to her group of visitors, "I will describe a person known and loved by everybody in this room. The person has the characteristic of always being in a hurry and always being delayed. Will run

room got up and shouted: "It's my -Philadelphia Record. He Didn't Use Gas. Patrick (to doctor)-Will the medi-

crossing and is invariably unable to

Pompous Doctor-I assure you it will cause con no gastrie disturbance. Patrick-Yes, doctor, I know that for we don't use gas at all at our house. But I want to know if I can keep it down. The last you gave wouldn't stay to get acquainted - Pharmaceutical

"They sounds kinder consetted illes Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria

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119 Bast Douglas Ave, Wichita Kans. If you would please a mother, praise her child; but do it with discretion. A visiting gentleman had submitted Wholesale and Reisil Gun Dealer for some time to the attentions of the three-year-old boy of his hostess, but at per keg. F. O. B., Wichita, Raus.

last grew a little tired of having his whiskers pulled and his corns trodden GEMS OF THOUGHT. "Madam," said he, "there is one thing THERE is no spiritual life where there about your charming little boy which

We love flowers most when we do not "And what is that?" neked the onflneed bread Gop has never yet made anybody who could please everybody. THE happiest Christians are the ones "We are going to have pie for dis-

who work the most at the trade.

W. C. WILLIAMS.

UNTIL we are willing to be guided we "Indeed?" laughed the clergyman, amused at the little boy's articosness; are not willing to be helped. THE hungriest men on earth to-day are those who have the most wealth. "It's a new kind. Ma was talking Wrrn all his practice the devil has, sever improved on the first hypocrite. REAL faith never becomes weak, no care what she thought, and ma said matter how long it may have to wait.

> live right.-Ram's flora. TOWED BY A SWORDFISH.

Ir is a serious thing to die, but a

The steamer Henry Dumels, which arrived at Boston, July 14, from Port Antonio, Jamaica, reports that when about forty miles southwest of South Shoul lightship she picked up a fisherman in a dory that had gone astray from his vessel. He said his name was John Calder, and that he belonged to the schooner Mary E. Hagan, of Port-land, Me. He had been swordfishing,

Descon (entering the room)-Gosh look at dat. I'll play a four in policy to-morrer, certain.-Judge.

especially pleases me."

Gastronomie Item.

this morning about pa bringing you to dinner so often, and pa said he didn't

she'd make him eat humble ple before

goin' to have it for dinner."-Texas

A GREAT THOUGHT.

ner," said Bobby to the minister.

and what kind of pie, Bobby?"

the day was over, sn' I supp

ing mother.

Siftings

He Suspected as Much. At a reception given by a German prince a gentleman was introduced, who

I was not present, your highn

to me, sir, is an honor. It is no weighed about three hundred pounds,

pleasure of being introduced to your which he happenned at about seven o'clock on the morning of the 15th. He Prince (hanghtily)-To be introduced managed to hang on to the fish, which



resterday, when the officials had the and was towed to see by a swordfale